

Prang's Chromo.

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ILLUSTRATIONS OF PROGRESS.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

How wonderful is that power which we call thought! What a slight impetus sometimes sends it whirling through the ages! On last New-Year's Day I received copies of Tait's two pictures, "A Group of Chickens" and "A Group of Ducklings." The original paintings were admirably true to nature; and chromo-lithography had reproduced them from the press of L. Prang & Co., so accurately and beautifully, and at a price so much less than oil paintings, that thousands could have the pleasure of possessing them where one could afford to buy the originals. Another specimen from the same press ushered the Middle Ages into my little parlor. It was "The Beatitudes of our Lord," printed in imitation of the old illuminated manuscripts. As I examined the richly-tinted pages, I seemed to see that dear old artistic monk to whom Mrs. Stowe introduced me in her charming prose idyl called "Agnes of Sorrento." The convent of San Marco, in Florence, rose before me, and I seemed to see the brethren at work on its parchment treasures, painting the letters in blue and crimson and gold, bedding them in bright flowers, twining them with vines drooping into festoons for birds and butterflies to swing on, and leaving loop-holes here and there for angel faces to peep through.

From that monastic retreat my soul returned to Boston with the miraculous swiftness of clairvoyance. Indeed, it was a kind of clairvoyance which made so distinctly visible the small printing-room of Mr. Pendleton, as I saw it in 1826, when he first introduced lithography into Boston. I was much interested in the process; and on the first day of that year I received from him two specimens of his art, done in simple black and white. One was "Newstead Abbey," the residence of Lord Byron; the other was "Abbotsford," built by Sir Walter Scott. There was a soft haziness about them which pleased me more than the sharp distinctness of line-engravings. But they grew pale in the presence of the New-Year's offerings I received forty years later; and who can foretell what another half-century may produce?

Lithography was first suggested by accident, as is often the case with inventions. A German, named Senefelder, wished to become an author, but was too poor to print his productions; so he set himself to work to procure small editions by writing them on copper plates, and himself transferring them to paper. But, in order to take readable impressions, it was of course necessary that the letters should be reversed, and it required practice to learn to write backward. Copper being too expensive, he smoothed the surfaces of stones, and practised on them. One day his mother asked him to write a list of articles to be sent to the wash, and, not having paper at hand, he wrote it on stone, intending to copy it at his leisure. Afterward the thought occurred to him how convenient it would be if he could transfer it to paper without the trouble of copying. He applied a kind of acid to eat away the stone between the letters, and thus raised them above the surface. When he produced a legible impression by this process, he thought he had made a great discovery. It was, however, merely a small beginning. It would be tedious to relate all his experiments to manufacture the right sort of ink, and find the right sort of stones to receive it. He met with almost as many impediments as did the brave old Palissy in his invention of ornamental china. He soon found that there was no need of raising the letters above the surface, because suitable chemical qualities in the ink would answer his purpose without it. The first specimens he published were some sheets of music, in 1796. Afterward he applied the new art to drawings, and multiplied copies without the tedious and expensive

process of cutting them in metal. Public attention was attracted, and lithographic establishments were soon formed in various cities. For thirty years he went on making improvements, until the art had attained that degree of excellence which attracted my attention in Boston in 1826.

Meanwhile, artists and chemists in other parts of the world were exerting their ingenuity on this new process. A Frenchman, named Malaplan, took the idea of copying portraits, landscapes, etc., in oil colors, on stone, and transferring them to canvas. This art he called "litho-chromics," from the Greek *lithos*, a stone, and *chromos*, color. He succeeded so far that he obtained a patent, and in 1823 the novelty had quite a run in Paris. But his productions did not long remain in fashion, being inferior to poor copies made by the old process. Senefelder, who was still fully possessed by experimenting spirits, invented a better way of copying oil-paintings, by taking lithographic impressions on colored sheets of paper. He had called his first invention "lithography," or stone-writing, because he then intended to apply it merely to written characters, not to pictures; but he called his new invention in colors "Mosaic printing." From that day to this, successive improvements have been made in the process, and the result is those richly-tinted chromos which reproduce for us the most beautiful pictures of European galleries, and furnish us with brilliant imitations of illuminated manuscripts, on which the old monks spent years of careful labor.

Hitherto these gorgeous treasures have been imported from Europe. But L. Prang & Co. have established presses in Boston, with the laudable desire of making these vivid forms of beauty familiar to our people. They have labored with much ingenuity and perseverance to produce American chromos that shall equal the European. Their success, if not perfect, is certainly great; and I cannot but rejoice in it, as an important help to general artistic culture.

How plainly is it indicated, in the progress of the world, that the masses are everywhere to be raised into distinct individuals! A few centuries ago, only the wealthy inhabitants of palaces could possess beautiful pictures. The populace had, indeed, glimpses of them in churches, where, to their reverential eyes, it seemed as if the heavens really opened for the Virgin and her Child to float down on golden clouds. It never occurred to them the proceeds of their hard toil supplied the revenues of the church, wherewith those glorious pictures were painted. Still less did they ever dream that a time would come when laborers would adorn their own dwellings with works of art. Now thousands and thousands of farmers and mechanics ornament the walls of their houses with handsome pictures. Year by year their taste improves, so that the daubs of former times no longer satisfy them. Even negroes, whom we have so long kept shut up in the dark cave of ignorance, are coming to a perception of the beautiful. At no other period of the world could Edmonia Lewis, half Indian and half African, have thought of becoming a sculptor, and been so generously encouraged in her thought. She has recently sent from Rome the photograph of a statue in commemoration of Emancipation. It represents a stalwart freedman, with shackles broken, raising one arm in thankfulness to heaven, and resting the other protectingly on the shoulder of his kneeling wife. The design is well conceived, and the manner of treating it does her so much credit that her patrons have reason to feel greatly encouraged concerning her ultimate success in the art she has chosen. One would suppose that painting would be more natural to her race than sculpture, and doubtless in due time they will develop in that direction. Whenever the colored people shall become a coloring people, we shall have gorgeous pictures. Dr. Holmes, in his new story in "The Atlantic," says

that every human soul is an omnibus, and those of African descent have their omnibus full of tropical ancestors, fraught with memories of humming-birds, parrots, and flamingoes. We need their idiosyncrasy to warm up our colder tastes; and, when their individualism comes out, we shall recognize it fraternally.

Think of the world as it was five hundred years ago, and compare it with its present condition. Then, not one man in ten thousand could either read or write. The nobles, being unable to sign their names, sealed important papers with a signet-ring, bearing their armorial crests; and that custom of affixing seals to legal documents, which had use and significance in its day, is still retained among the thousand useless forms of law. So rare was the knowledge of reading in those times that priests, the only ones who possessed it, were exempted from the penalty of death for their first crime, even if it was cold-blooded murder. They had but to plead "benefit of clergy,"—that is, to prove that they could read,—in order to escape capital punishment. For their first great crime they were merely branded on the hand; hence the custom of holding up the hand, to show an unscarred palm, when an oath was taken. The significance has passed away, but the form remains in our courts. Now, in Protestant Christendom at least, priests are held to be more responsible for crime than other men, inasmuch as they are teachers of God's laws. Laymen are now often as well versed in the Scriptures as are the clergy, and Sunday-schools are as influential as the pulpit. Schools and colleges spring up as thick as clover blossoms, and the sons of poor wood-sawyers know more than did nobles of the Middle Ages. Books are written by all classes of people: they are printed by steam, circulated by steam, and one would think they were also read by steam.

The same increasing tendency to individualism has come out in music. A thousand years ago men had no idea of harmony. They were limited to that simple continuation of tones which we call melody; and, if several voices sung together, they sung in unison, all singing the same note. In patriarchal Asia, to this day, they know nothing of that system of chords, and the laws of their succession, which we call harmony. A little more than two hundred years ago, somewhat later than the flight of "The Mayflower," across the waters, music, which always expresses coming changes in the spirits of men, began to foretell what would be the results of that unnoticed voyage. Previous to that time there had been no instrumental music unaided by the human voice. Music was a monarchy. The air reigned absolute, and the accompaniments were mere subjects. Toward the close of the seventeenth century, the orchestra began to form itself into that musical republic in which each part has individuality and a distinct agency, while all blend and work together as a whole, either by harmony or contrast. Just this will society become when it gets into that divine order toward which the hand of God is leading it. — *New-York Independent*.

A JUVENILE ART CRITIC.—The judgments of children are, perhaps, not entitled to be ranked with those of Ruskin in matters of fine art, but they are sometimes quite notable and noteworthy. We heard of a juvenile criticism of Prang's chromo of the "Reading Magdalena," for example, which was excellent in its way.

"Ma," said the three-year old boy, "what is Mr. —'s baby doing?" He pointed to the chromo.

"She's reading," said his mother.

"No, she isn't," responded the boy.

"What do you think she's doing, then?" asked the mother.

"She's crying because Mr. — won't buy her any clothes!" — *Watchman and Reflector*.

CONTROVERSY WITH AN ART CRITIC.

MR. CLARENCE COOK, an art critic, writing for the "New-York Tribune," in noticing Tait's "Ducklings," "The Bulfinch," "The Linnet," "The Sisters," and "Going to the Bath," as reproduced by Mr. Prang, after expressing his opinion of their merit as chromos, took occasion to add:—

"Mr. Prang would do the general public a much greater service than he is doing at present, if he would devise some way of employing the excellent invention of chromo-lithography that would give us an individual and independent result. A clever imitation is nothing but an imitation after all. It can teach nobody any thing, nor benefit anybody; and, as every art has its own particular application and field of work, we hinder progress by every effort to wrest it to the cheap imitation of the results of some other art."

To this and to other incidental comments of the critic, now of no special interest, Mr. Prang, in a letter headed, "*Chromo-Lithography the Handmaiden of Painting*," replied as follows:—

I.—REPLY OF MR. PRANG.

Let us now glance at the sweeping charge made by your critic, that chromo-lithography, as a means to reproduce paintings, is injurious to progress! Sir, this is a bold assertion, and, propounded through the mighty organ of your paper,—reaching more than five hundred thousand readers,—may create a serious re-action against a new art, yet little understood. All the good which you and we expected from the introduction of this new help-maid to art education will be injuriously affected, if the fallacy of your critic's assertion is not at once made evident.

Chromo-lithography is in itself an art to reproduce, to imitate, not to create. It never can obtain an "individual and independent" character, as your critic claims, for its proper sphere; he thereby showing his limited acquaintance with the very process which you sometime last year in one of your daily issues so lucidly described. Chromo-lithography is for the painter what the type is for the writer,—it is the brush and pallet of the nineteenth century. But just as little as Longfellow would make use of Hoe's press to transfer his poetical thoughts to paper, just so little would the painter make use of the chromo process to transfix his original artistic conceptions on the canvas. The education of the million demanded the power-press for literature, and now it claims chromo-lithography for the art of painting.

There is no reason why Mr. Tait or any other artist should not gain sufficient practical knowledge of the art to chromo-lithograph his own paintings (which has been repeatedly done in England), and make the chromos just as spirited and attractive, in every respect, as the originals, and thereby produce thousands of such pictures in the same time in which he could reproduce only tens with brush and pallet. And why should ten thousand good pictures hinder progress, when one is expected to forward it? Is not the assertion of such hindrance the manifestation of mere prejudice? Thus the question reduces itself to the following point: Does a poor chromo hinder progress in art culture? Now, sir, we do not wish to appear as defending our right of making "poor" chromos, if "poor" they be; but we cannot help asserting, positively, that not only "poor" chromos, but any picture, be it the meanest daub on a village sign-board, helps progress in art.

The mental process of culture in art is the same as of all other culture. A poorly written book, if not bad in its spirit and object, is always better than no book at all: it gives an impulse, which is followed up by a demand for better books; and, by comparing and criticising, the taste for good books is created. So in art a poor picture is better than none, and in the course of time will create a demand for better and for the best. Our chromos, which your critic will, we hope, at least place a step higher in the scale of art than the cheap colored prints of former and recent times, could never have been sold to the present extent, had not millions of poorer pictures paved the way for their reception. And the painters themselves will feel the benefit of our labors in time, as the wave of higher education reaches their stand-point. The artist will be benefited threefold: first, the demand for poorer pictures than our chromos will cease, and he will, therefore, have to study for higher excellence; secondly, he will be able to obtain a just and liberal compensation for a good work by the disposal of his copy-right as much beyond present rates as the true poet of the present time obtains beyond the rates of bygone years, where the poet's readers did not extend much

beyond the circle of his personal acquaintances; and, thirdly, the demand for good original paintings will become immeasurably greater as art education advances.

The American people want pictures. They delight in color pieces. It makes their homes cheerful, and fills their imagination with pleasant thoughts; it gives them an innocent and lasting enjoyment, and satisfies an appetite which is just as legitimate with them as with the aristocracy who can afford to hang their galleries with paintings of the old and new masters. Why, then, should the only invention of our day which comes to their aid be condemned, and driven out of this land of promise? You, sir, who labor so faithfully for the people, cannot indorse ideas so aristocratic in their tendencies.

Respectfully,
L. PRANG.

BOSTON, MASS., NOV. 26, 1866

To this letter, after a digression respecting the titles and peculiarities of certain pictures, Mr. Cook rejoined:—

II.—REMARKS OF MR. COOK.

We publish his [Mr. Prang's] letter, although we thought it would have been as well, for him, if he had not written it. He is quite welcome to his opinion on the subject of chromo-lithography, and quite welcome to believe that a millennial day for art is to be ushered in through this invention. We do not greatly care to discuss the subject with him. We can hardly believe Mr. Prang in earnest when he talks about our aristocratic prejudices, and charges us with a desire to condemn, and drive out of use, an invention that is capable of cheaply ministering to the honest pleasure of large numbers of people. We must believe he knows a great deal better than to talk such stuff. We are more charitable to him than he is disposed to be to us. We are trying our best to teach people what is good art and what is bad, and we believe he thinks he is working as hard in the same cause as we. It happens, that we differ as to the means it is best to employ to secure the desired end. We are trying to elevate people by teaching them to seek for and admire what is true, believing that to be the only means of really elevating the mind and character. Mr. Prang's method is to teach people to admire what is false; and he thinks, that, when he has succeeded in completely deceiving them, they are on the high road to true culture and refinement. And he is just as wilfully mistaken when he talks about our dislike of chromo-lithography. We have praised his own publications in these columns many times, and it is not many weeks since we made Kellerhoven's magnificent reproductions of old German pictures the subject of a special article; beside that we are always ready to acknowledge the services it has done for us, and is ever doing, in publications like those of the Arundel Society, in Owen Jones's magnificent "Grammar of Ornament," and "Alhambra," and in the rare and precious "Le Moyen Age et La Renaissance." All that we said was, that every art has its own independent field of work, and that nothing is gained by trying to imitate in one process the legitimate results of another. We quote from memory, but this is the gist of what we said. Now, Mr. Prang prides himself on having published imitations of oil paintings that will deceive even good judges. He uses a paper that is made to sign precisely like canvas, and copies the strokes of the artist's brush. We say, and are prepared to maintain, that this is a childish waste of time on his part, and that the work is fit only for children. What pleasure can a man take in such toys? They are in the same category with "graining," as it is called,—painting a cheap wood to resemble a dear one; with wall-papers that look like wood or marble; with iron or slate mantel-pieces that may be taken for costly stone. They are of a piece with false diamonds, false hair, false teeth, and with the innumerable false appliances by which homely people try to make themselves look pretty, and succeed in making themselves hideous. Every artist knows this, every unprejudiced person knows it; and we shall maintain the doctrine always, in the interests of true art. We have said that chromo-lithography is not art at all, and we repeat it. It is a mere mechanic process, and one with a very useful, but a very narrow legitimate field. Its business is simply to reproduce, not to imitate,—meaning by "imitation" "deception." It is the proper business of no art or process to deceive, any more than it is the business of a tongue to lie. This invention has its clear, legitimate function, just as wood engraving has; and it is Mr. Prang, and not we, who

shows ignorance in declaring that it has not. We have always battled against deceptive imitations, and we shall continue to do so; and, when we are converted to a contrary opinion, it will be by some one who has no pecuniary interest in maintaining it. We were once living in a house the landlord of which, much against our will, sent a painter to "grain" the front door to look like black walnut. On the landlord's departure we blandly endeavored to wheedle the painter into making as few knots, defects, grains, and flourishes as possible, and to keep the whole of as uniform and even a color as he could; in short, to make it suggest black walnut, or any wood, as little as he knew how. The man of the brush heard us through with ill-concealed disdain, and, when we had finished, exclaimed, "What, sir! won't you let a feller's genius have scope?" Mr. Prang's rejoinder has not the brevity of the house-painter's, but it comes to the same thing. House-painting and chromo-lithography are both useful in their way, and respectable as long as they keep within their natural bounds; but, when they try to overpass their limits, and to intrude where they do not belong, they must be sharply rebuked.

III.—MR. PRANG'S REJOINDER.

As these comments of the critic covered the whole ground from which war has been made on chromo-lithography, Mr. Prang, in defence of his favorite art, at once prepared and published a response, under the title of—

TRUE ART, CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY, FALSE TEETH, FALSE LEGS, AND KINDRED DECEPTIONS.

To the Editor of the New-York Tribune:—

SIR,—No critic bears to be criticised without lifting himself up to the highest pinnacle of his fortress to hurl his weapons of destruction upon the most humble adversary: his opinion must be law,—infallible, omnipotent law. This is once more made evident by your art critic's homily entitled "Prang's Defence," published in several of your late issues. His nature, stirred to the utmost depths by our daring to controvert his views, sweeps with a sword of fire (some smell of brimstone, too!) over our devoted head.

The interests of art, of artists, and of your art-loving readers, demand that this question of chromo-lithography in its bearing on art culture be made perfectly clear; and if the process be proved injurious to the latter by applying it to the reproduction or imitation of paintings, as we do, it must be abolished. Less obstinate than your critic, we promise faithfully that we shall be open to conviction by arguments from any quarter, no matter what the interests may be to support our opponent's opinion; and, when convinced of our errors, we shall destroy our plates, our prints, and turn our talents and energies to other occupations.

Your critic claims that chromoing a painting is trespassing on the legitimate sphere of another art; that it is the means of teaching people what is false in art; that it is on the same line with false teeth, false hair, false diamonds, and kindred deceptions; that it is no art at all, and must be classified with graining and house-painting. Now, sir, this is alarming language, and it should be assumed that the man using it ought to be an expert in many arts and trades; but it is evident that a morbid sensibility blinds him to certain truths, quite evident to men of common sense, and leads him to an unqualified condemnation, as deceptions, of articles of real use, and indeed unquestionable blessings to humanity.

If the usefulness of our chromos could be made to stand or fall with the usefulness of false teeth, for instance, it would be easy enough to fight our battle on this line, as certainly it is quite evident to common sense that a well-made false tooth, improving speech and mastication, health and looks, stands on a par with "false" legs and "false" arms, the utility of which thousands of veteran defenders of the Republic could attest; and yet your critic is bold enough to imply that, "as deceptions," they must be repudiated. The rule is, sir, that any imitation for purposes of use, or pleasure, is legitimate and commendable; if abused for purposes of deception, this abuse alone merits our condemnation. This rule is simple for a child to grasp, and your art critic is welcome to its benefit.

The claim that he is teaching what is true in art, and that we teach to people what is false, next calls for notice. If he can maintain, that truth in art depends on a certain kind of canvas, brush, or material employed by the artist, then he is right; but if true art depends, as we hold, on a truthful representation, or description, of what the artist sees or feels with healthy, natural feeling, then he is wrong. The false

in art, sir, is to convey to our sense false impressions of ideal beauty, or of nature: material and means of production, or reproduction have nothing whatever to do with it: prejudice alone, or distorted notions, can hold a different view. How, then, can he maintain that chromo-lithography teaches what is false in art, if by its means the truthful original may be copied to a dot? And why should it not be as legitimately employed as engraving, or photography, to describe a painting? Chromo-lithography has no narrow field, limited and circumscribed, as your critic's teachings would suggest; its field is large and unlimited for reproductions of designs in colors and (in its highest sphere) for paintings, to which it lends a hand like that of a thousand painters, and near as good in its perfected state. But no mechanic in the art of chromoing, sir, can touch a painting, and hope for results to satisfy an artist. This is a work for artists not inferior in study of the fine arts to many of our painters. This, sir, bears no contradiction from your, or any other critic. I may say this without egotism, as I can fairly claim to be a better judge than any other man can be, who lacks my practical knowledge of the art, and the personal relations with its devotees. Chromo-lithography is art, as much as is engraving, when applied in its higher sphere of reproducing the works of masters in the fine arts. Or is your critic prepared to assert that engraving in this sense is not art?

Good paintings are lessons of beauty, and blessings to our domestic and social feelings: oil paintings represent nature more truthfully and more satisfactorily to the unsophisticated mind, and this makes them preferable to all others. Adopting these views, the reproduction of good paintings is to be desired as a popular benefit, and the process which can best do the work, in spirit and in color, must be the one, the only one, adopted; and, as it happens that chromo-lithography has no rival in the field, of course we have to take it up and welcome it, with all the ardor of a progressive democratic nation. Art, artists, the millions of people, will reap a benefit from this invention which very few at present can adequately estimate.

To reproduce a painting by chromo-lithography, and to obtain a copy identical with the original, is the natural and legitimate result of the art itself: it cannot be aught else according to the laws of its process, for, if otherwise, it certainly will prove a failure.

The great stress your critic lays on our imitating the very canvas lines, and raised strokes of the brush, shows clearly the weakness of his whole position. He does not know that what we really care for in our process is not the canvas grain, but the effect it produces in mellowing surface lights, and softening tints and lines; and what he calls the raised strokes of the brush are simply lights thrown in relief to increase the force of expression in certain parts. This artifice stands merely on a par with what most painters do to obtain similar effects. Your critic might have said, "Gentlemen, I would advise you to grain your prints in some other manner by which you could obtain the same artistic results, without leading people to believe that they buy canvas, whereas it is but paper." This would be a point of reasoning to which we should give all the attention it might deserve. I hope, sir, I have thrown light sufficient on that topic for all who wish to see. If I still add that Mr. Tait and Mr. Bricher have favored us with the flattering assurance that our chromos are equal to the best they ever saw, rendering the spirit and coloring of their paintings faithfully and truly, and that we advertise and sell our chromos as such, and not as paintings (which would be a deception), I may leave the subject, unless your critic has any thing new to offer really worthy of attention. . . .

And now, sir, allow me to close with a notice cut from "The Tribune" a short time ago, which, bearing so direct on the subject under discussion, I cannot refrain from appending, leaving it for you to decide its reprint as a sign of the editor's good-will. It reads thus: "Mr. Louis Prang has just issued a chromo-lithograph, in oils, of one of Mr. A. T. Tait's clever little pictures. The chromo-lithograph is a perfect facsimile of the original painting, reproducing not only the brush marks, but the very lines of the canvas, in a way that surprises by its ingenuity. Mr. Prang tries with all his might to make his imitations absolutely deceptive, not for the purpose of deceiving, but in order to put faithful copies, 'as good as the originals,' within reach of small purses. He brings to the work knowledge, business-energy, and enthusiasm, and, what is more, a generous spirit towards art and artists, which is very pleasant to meet with."

Yours truly, LOUIS PRANG.

DECORATE YOUR SCHOOLS.

"THE ILLINOIS TEACHER," a monthly educational magazine, in its number for February, contains some sensible remarks with regard to the decoration of school-rooms:—

"In these days of object-lessons, we need not say that pictures are great educators. It seems to us that teachers do not, in general, sufficiently realize this. Did they do so, should we not see the walls of every schoolroom, even the most humble, hung with pictures? The refining influence of a beautiful picture upon a school is very great. Fine engravings can by a little effort be obtained; but, after all, the child loves a bit of color better. It seems, even if intrinsically not so good an artistic effort as the engraving, to light up, as it were, the room. Upon the walls of our own school there hang Marshall's 'Lincoln,' and also a 'Red Riding-Hood,' in colors. Of course, the 'Lincoln' is the finer; and yet the bit of color attracts all eyes, and adds much to the cheerfulness of the room. It must be confessed that most colored engravings are mere daubs, while we know that any painting from the hand of an artist is beyond the means of nearly all. But the art of chromo-lithography, as it is now advanced and perfected, obviates these difficulties. By it are reproduced, almost in fac-simile, and at a nominal expense, the works of the best artists. The Messrs. Prang, of Boston, have done much by their efforts in this direction to popularize art, and to put within the reach of the masses works to them otherwise unattainable. We should be glad to see their productions in our schools. They offer to send specimens of their finest productions at a very greatly reduced rate to heads of colleges, superintendents of education, principals of high schools, and clergymen, who will call the attention of pupils and people to them, and explain what is intended by the art.

"We would recommend for the school-room Tait's Groups, Bricher's American Landscapes and Autumnal Pictures, Lemmen's 'Poultry-Yard,' and Corregio's 'Magdalena'; also the crayon portraits of 'Washington and Wife,' and of 'Lincoln.'"

Professor ATKINSON writes in the same sense:—

"CAMBRIDGE, February, 1868.

DEAR SIR,—I am very much pleased with the little chromo—"The Linnet"—which you sent me, and by the prospect afforded by the beautiful art which Mr. Prang has done so much to perfect of furnishing at a cheap rate works which will do so much to educate the eye and the taste of the people. I am especially interested in the subject in its bearing on education. The time is fast coming when we shall no longer be satisfied with having schoolrooms which are but little, if at all, superior in point of adornment to the stables in which we house our cattle; and, in the arts of photography and chromo-lithography, I see new means of cultivating the taste of our children, and of educating their eye for form and color, of which I trust our educators will soon learn to avail themselves. . . .

W. P. ATKINSON.

A HINT TO TEACHERS.

An eminent teacher in New York writes to us as follows:—

"It is my intention to give my school (of about 250 pupils), in a few weeks, a familiar lecture upon the subject of Chromo-Lithography, as one of the important improvements of the age, explaining the processes of the art, so far as I understand them, and exhibiting the specimens I have (Bricher's 'Sawyer's Pond,' and Lemmen's 'Poultry Life'), etc., by way of illustration.

"I do this, just as I would explain the telegraph or the microscope, because I regard it as important for them to be well informed upon every new element of civilization; and your beautiful art, in my opinion, abundantly deserves to be ranked of such. Every person of taste (and artists more than others) should feel under obligations to you for what you are doing to rescue our people from a species of color-blindness with which they are deplorably afflicted, and which they manifest in dress and in the (dis)colored prints that often deface the walls of their parlors. Your work cannot fail to do incalculable good."

To enable teachers and superintendents of schools to illustrate their lessons on art, we give special terms to those who, if they believe that our chromos deserve praise, will say a good word for them.

Those who wish to avail themselves of these terms, should send for our "Circular to Teachers."

MORAL INFLUENCE OF ART.

THE editor of an Indiana journal, in a note to Mr. Prang, speaks of the moral influence of popular art, in these happy terms:—

"We think no greater civilizer could be introduced so generally as your chromos. You will never find a thief with a rose-bud in his button-hole, nor will you ever find a murderer admire your productions. Only the good, the true, and the better part of our nature, are touched and spoken to by art. Your aim to introduce your beautiful productions to the general public is commendable, and in your efforts you have our hearty concurrence."

The Boston "Commercial Bulletin" writes in the same strain. It says:—

"An exchange says, 'We are told by good critics, that ugliness reigns paramount in many of our modern houses. There is truth in this observation. The fact is, we, as a people, are not, as yet, educated in art or taste. It is possible so to educate the eye as to enable it to discriminate at once an object in good taste. Children, by being accustomed to regard daily simple and correct designs, will gradually become educated in love of beauty. A glance of the eye often teaches a child more than volumes of books could do. The ideas and impressions thus acquired are long-lived, and survive beyond all others communicated through the senses. There is a fund of truth in the maxim, 'seeing is believing.' We love to see pictures adorning the wall,—we mean cheap prints, not expensive paintings,—provided they contain a beautiful thought, human beauty, or a landscape scenery. The poorest house may thus be furnished now-a-days. Children will drink in the impression given by a picture; for children love pictures, and carry with them the early impression through life. It speaks to us always in the same beautiful tone, and is never out of temper. Begin, then, to cultivate taste and art by procuring pictures that will convey some idea of beauty, of nobleness, of virtue, and of endurance."

"Probably no art-publishers in this country have done so much towards the education of the young as Messrs. L. Prang & Co., of this city. Possessing that keen perception, peculiar to the German nature, of domestic life and the beauties of childhood, their innumerable publications are eminently calculated to inculcate a love for the beautiful in the young, and to exert the happiest influences upon the home circle."

A WORD ON CHROMOS.—Chromo-lithographs are not originals: they are copies, and are to be judged only as copies. If they faithfully imitate the original, then for all æsthetic purposes they are as valuable. We write this with a full consciousness of the value set by the world on what is called original. The first "Greek Slave" is held at a much higher figure than the third, yet it would puzzle an artist to tell them apart, were certain stains removed from the first. But, where originality is the one thing desirable, the clay model from which Powers's stone-masons cut the first would be the most valuable. We may even go further, and, if originality of ideas is estimated, Thorwaldsen's "Eve" will carry the prize; for the idea which the Danish sculptor evolved in his statue has been copied by the American artist. Had a rich man his choice, he would prefer the originals from which these chromo-lithographs are taken. This art, being yet in its infancy, is not perfect. But all who love pictures are not rich, and many may enjoy these lithographs who could not afford to buy the originals. We like original pictures; so do many ladies like original dresses! We want no copies made of our pictures, and they no imitations of their dresses, and all for about the same reason.

In regard to the opinion of Mr. Ruskin, we know that it is not orthodox to doubt his authority in any question of art. But still we do. We have read his books with a great deal of care, and always with the feeling that "they were more nice than wise." Besides this, he wrote for artists. These pictures are made for tailors, lawyers, doctors, shoemakers, and all manner of plebeians who love the beautiful, but cannot spend the price of a cottage-house on a cabinet picture. We admire these pictures for the same reason that we are pleased with a plaster cast. It is the best we can get. We cannot afford to buy original pictures, but we can afford good prints.—*Fluke's Galveston Bulletin*.

AGAIN, AND WITH ALL OUR HEART: Ten Thousand thanks to the journalists of the United States!

Prang's Chromo.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1868.

All inquiries about Chromos, and orders for them, should be addressed to L. PRANG & Co., 159 Washington Street, Boston. When money is sent by mail, it will be at the risk of the sender. Post-office orders should be procured whenever it is possible to get them. Write distinctly the name of your post-office town, county, and State.

TO BUYERS.

PRANG'S American Chromos, Half-chromos, Illuminated Sunday-schoolroom Cards, Illuminated Day-school Cards, Illuminated Scripture Texts, Albums, Album Pictures, Gifts for Ladies, Gifts for Young Folks, Marriage Certificates, Crayon Pictures, Design Books, Tables, and Miscellaneous Publications may be ordered through any art-dealer or bookseller in the United States, the Dominion of Canada, or directly from us. Nearly all respectable art-stores in the United States keep our chromos and other publications constantly on hand.

Goods purchased from us direct, at the retail price, will be forwarded, at our own risk and expense, to any part of the United States east of the Mississippi River, or to the boundary of the Dominion of Canada. Beyond that, an allowance only will be made for part of the expressage to be paid by the customer.

All orders addressed to L. Prang & Co., Boston, must be accompanied by the cash, in order to receive attention. Money sent by mail will be at the risk of the sender. The safest way to send money is by a post-office order, and such an order should be got whenever it is possible to do so. Write distinctly the name of your post-office town, county, and State.

FRAMES. — We do not make frames for our chromos; but we can furnish them, when ordered, at a slight advance over first cost.

PRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS.

PRANG'S American Chromos are fac-simile reproductions of masterly oil and water-color paintings, so skilfully and artistically done that it requires the experience of an expert to detect the difference between them and their originals. A full list of them, with the size and price of each, will be found on the last page of this journal.

Among the *Landscapes* are the two popular companion autumn-views, — "Esopus Creek" and "The White Mountains," by Bricher: and a set of six small pictures by the same artist, embracing "A Souvenir of Lake George;" "Twilight on Esopus Creek, New York;" "Sawyer's Pond, White Mountains, New Hampshire;" "Mount Chocorua and Lake, New Hampshire;" "On the Sacó River, North Conway, New Hampshire;" and "On the Hudson, near West Point." These pictures, although of small size, take rank with the best specimens of chromo-lithography. They are perfect landscape-pictures in miniature, and charming in composition as well as color. "Ruggles's Gems," in oil colors, are true copies of the originals, genuine "gems" of color effect: sparkling, attractive, and satisfactory to the eye, they will find their adaptation in finishing off the decorations of a chamber or parlor. Four of them are White-mountain, and two are Hudson-river views: two coast scenes, and a picture of Table Rock, Niagara, complete the set.

Our pictures of *Poultry Life* are admitted by all to be the best ever published. Tait and Lemmens stand at the head of the American and French schools of poultry painters; not rivals, indeed, for their styles are

entirely different, but peers of the highest rank, — acknowledged masters of this speciality. Tait's chickens are "live chicks on canvas." No painter ever did better in this particular line. Our chromo of one of his groups is probably the most popular picture of the kind ever published in this or any other country. Lemmens also is without a rival; and our chromo of his "Poultry-yard," we are proud to say, won cordial and most emphatic praise, even from artists who had hitherto sneered at our efforts to popularize art. The best painters have been its warmest eulogists. We publish also two small chromos of poultry life by Lemmens; and a "Group of Quails" and "Group of Ducklings," by Tait.

Of *Figure-pieces*, we have published seven up to date, — Correggio's "Magdalena;" two *genre* paintings by W. E. Niles; "The Friend in Need;" "The Baby" and "The Sisters," after Bogueurean; and Whittier's "Barefoot Boy," after Eastman Johnson.

Our "Magdalena" drew forth a note from Church, the great painter, in which he said that our chromos were "certainly most skilfully and artistically executed;" and that the "grading and tone of the flesh-tints of the 'Magdalena'" struck him as being "remarkable." Niles's pieces are charming little rustic pictures, which please everybody, and are well adapted for the decoration of chambers. Eastman Johnson's piece is described by "Berwick," in the "Boston Art-notes," re-published in another column. "The Friend in Need" is after an oil painting by F. Schlesinger. It is a country scene, composed of a village in the distance, with trees in the middle, and the village pump in the immediate foreground; a happy-looking village-boy is lending his friendly aid to a pretty rustic damsel who is quenching her thirst at the pump, the handle of which he is plying vigorously. The position of these figures, in connection with the dog, which also enjoys the cooling draught, forms a most interesting group; which is excellently rendered, in strong effect, in colors.

Among our *Fruit and Flower Pieces* are "The Flower Bouquet," "Cherries and Basket," "Strawberries and Basket," "Blackberries," "Fringed Gentian," "Easter Morning," and others nearly ready for publication as this number is issued. Abundant notices of such of these pictures as are out at this date (April 1) will be found among the letters from eminent persons. The large orders we receive for such as are ready warrant us in saying, that this series will be one of the most popular, as it will be the most charming, set of dining-room chromos ever published.

Our chromos after *Water Colors* are equally artistic. They are "Autumn Leaves," "Wood Mosses and Ferns," and "Bird's Nest and Lichens," by Miss Ellen Robbins; "The Baby" and "The Sisters," after Bouguereau; "The Bulfinch" and "The Linnet," after William Cruikshank. Of Cruikshank's pictures, George L. Brown, the celebrated American painter of Italian landscapes (unrivalled as a colorist and painter of atmospheric effects), says, "I admire them much. I saw some splendid specimens in Europe, which were wonderful; but never supposed that even finer ones were executed in Boston. What particularly excites my admiration is the tender and delicate half-tints, the high finish, and the *finesse* and richness of tone. I think they must do much to educate the public in the way of color. How far superior to the hideous color-lithographs we have been so shocked in seeing so long a time! I congratulate you on your success."

We printed a limited number of a series of four brilliant pictures of Cuba scenery, by Granville Perkins, — "The Album of Cuba" (price four dollars for the set); and a picture of still life, "Dead Game," after G. Bosch; of which only a limited number of copies remain on hand, and therefore they do not appear in our present list.

HOW TO KEEP CHROMOS.

We are often asked, "How shall we keep chromos?" We answer, "Just as you keep paintings." The colors employed in making our chromos are the same as those used by artists; but we take far greater pains to select unchangeable colors than the majority of painters take. Our colors, like those of the painters, are ground in boiled oil; so that, as far as the colors are concerned, there is nothing to fear.

But, on the other hand, an oil painting, in point of durability, has this advantage over a chromo, — that it wears a thicker coat of paint, and therefore is better adapted to withstand the action of light and of time than a chromo of equal or greater artistic merit.

We have only a few hints to give in reference to the preservation of chromos; but, if they are properly attended to, they will prove amply sufficient to keep them in perfect order for at least a generation.

First of all, handle them carefully; for, as our Shakespeare does not say, — but we do, —

"He who puts his hand upon a chromo,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 'twere vain flattery to call a connoisseur!"

When you clean them, use a soft feather brush, or wipe them with soft chamois skin (a drop of oil may restore clearness), or with a fine linen rag very slightly dampened. Always tenderly!

Next, whenever the original varnish coating is dulled, bruised, or rubbed, revarnish it with thin mastic varnish.

Chromos, like oil paintings, should not be hung in a dark room, but in one with diffused light; and never exposed to the direct rays of the sun.

The chromos after water colors keep and display better when placed under glass, as they lack the protecting cover of the varnish. The larger chromos, after oil paintings, display, as a general rule, best when framed like original paintings. It is not necessary to put any of these under glass: it is a matter of taste, — preserving them, at the same time, from dust and rough handling.

PRANG'S JOURNAL.

THE first number of our little journal contains, in addition to a complete descriptive catalogue of our chromos and illuminated publications up to Jan. 1, 1868: —

I. An article from "The Boston Daily Advertiser," describing "How Chromos are Made," by James Redpath.

II. A letter on Popular Art, by James Parton.

III. An article on Chromo-lithography, from "The New York Tribune."

IV. A letter from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, on Illumination.

V. Two articles on Chromo-lithography in America, by Charles Godfrey Leland, in which, besides giving interesting facts in relation to the progress of the art, the objections to it are considered and refuted.

VI. An article on Framing, by Louis Prang.

VII. Notes from Longfellow, Church the painter, Whittier, and Bayard Taylor, in which these distinguished men express their admiration of Prang's American chromos.

We will send a copy of this first number to any of our friends throughout the States, by mail, on receipt of a postage-stamp.

This journal will be published quarterly, until further notice.

— A review of our chromos in press, by a well-known journalist, will be found in another page, under the head of "Boston Art-notes."

PRANG'S HALF-CHROMOS.

A HALF-CHROMO is not presented as the reproduction of an oil painting: its lights and shades are produced by black and white printed in at first, the colors following afterwards. In a full chromo, the lights and shades are produced by pure color; tint after tint is applied, here a little and there a little, until the picture is finished in all its exquisite beauty. In a full chromo, we aim to reproduce all the effects of a masterly oil painting: in a half-chromo, we aim, indeed, at artistic results. We fail in our object, if we do not succeed in producing a beautiful picture; but we do not try to imitate a work of the brush and pallet.

Yet, while our half-chromos are inferior to our chromos, we claim that they are far superior to any class of color-pictures ever issued in America. We have selected for this class of pictures very attractive subjects, which cannot fail both to gratify and educate the taste of the million in art.

Our four *Bird-pictures* (which sell at the low price of one dollar each) have been warmly praised by the press and by all classes of our customers. Brilliant in color, and skilfully contrasted with mosses and berries, they are justly regarded as exquisite specimens of bird-painting in water colors. Rivaling these four companion pictures in the public favor is our "Piper and Nutcracker," after Landseer.

Equally popular and equally meritorious are our "May Flowers" and "Apple Blossoms," which are rendered with entire fidelity to nature.

Of *Dog and Sheep Pictures*—especially adapted for the decoration of nurseries and children's bedrooms—are "The Twins," "Awakening," "Mother's Care," "Victory," and "Scotch Terrier and Puppies;" the last of which is often mistaken for an oil painting.

"The Frightened Ducklings" is a comic piece, which all the young folks cry out for whenever it is displayed to them. A brood of ducklings are chased by a mischievous puppy, and are just throwing themselves into the water. Their ludicrous aspect provokes a laugh from every one. It is from a painting by a well-known living German artist.

Our most elaborate and highly-finished half-chromos, however, are "Evening" and "Morning," after Rosa Bonheur. They are both superb cattle-pieces,—brilliant in coloring, striking in composition, and admirably rendered.

EASTER MORNING.—Just as we were going to press, "Easter Morning" appeared. We do not think that it will do discredit to the critical judgment of "Berwick," as given in his "Art Notes" in "The Boston Daily Advertiser," in the article we republished. Such also is the opinion of the able artist, and of her distinguished husband, the celebrated landscape painter.

Mrs. Hart writes to us, "I received the proof of 'Easter Morning,' and was very much surprised at its success. It is very fine as a chromo, and gives the sentiment of the original much better than I expected."

Mr. James M. Hart writes, "Mrs. Hart and myself are much pleased with the chromo of 'Easter Morning.' It gives a very good idea of the picture, and has not suffered in the reducing."

We trust that those of our readers who may still think that chromos can never attain the beauty of oil painting will do us the justice to examine "Easter Morning." We think that it will convert the most sceptical. The original, we know, is an exquisitely lovely thing; and we believe, at least, that the chromo is not unworthy of it. The advance copies in the hands of our travelers bring us in hosts of orders.

LETTERS FROM EMINENT PERSONS.

FROM JOHN G. WHITTIER.

AMESBURY, Dec. 28, 1866.

To L. Prang & Co.,—I presume I am indebted to you for the beautiful and valuable gifts which I have just received: if so, let me proffer you my heartiest thanks. The "Beatitudes" are admirably rendered,— "apples of gold in pictures of silver." The chromo pictures are excellent. I hope it is no evidence of my approach to second childhood that I am so much pleased with "Mother Hubbard." Once more thanking you for the pleasure you have afforded me, I am,—

Very much your friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS.

BOSTON, Oct. 29, 1867.

Gentlemen,—It did not need my friend R—'s word to call my attention to your copies of some of our best paintings. I had been often drawn to them, and admired both the accuracy of the copying, and the efficiency of your process in approaching so closely the full beauty of the originals. Every art which brings these great agents of education and civilization within easier reach of the masses must be of great value; and I congratulate you on your success, which I consider marvellous. Very truly yours,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

FROM GEORGE L. BROWN.

STUDIO, SOUTH BOSTON,
Dec. 24, 1867.

Dear Sir,—The beautiful chromos you were kind enough to send me I have received, and admire them much. I saw some splendid specimens in Europe, which were wonderful; but never supposed that even finer ones were executed in Boston. What particularly excites my admiration is the tender and delicate half-tints, the high finish, and the fineness and richness of tone. I think they must do much to educate the public in the way of color. How far superior to the hideous color-lithographs we have been so shocked in seeing so long a time! I congratulate you on your success.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE L. BROWN.

FROM MISS BOOTH.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23, 1867.

... Many thanks for the beautiful chromos which you have been kind enough to send me; and especially for the "Magdalena," which is certainly the finest specimen of chromo-lithography which I have ever seen.

I am greatly interested in this twin-sister of photography, which gives the people color as well as form, and develops and cultivates their artistic tastes. The two must soon drive out the coarse prints, and the still coarser daubs, with which men of moderate means have been forced to deck their walls, or else to leave them bare; for only the favorites of fortune have been able to own really good pictures. This is not all: chromo-lithography will do for artists what printing does for authors,—it will make their names household words, and their works to be universally loved and appreciated. It belongs to you and your brother artists to see that none but works of art of real merit enjoy this honor, which I am sure you will do.

MARY L. BOOTH.

FROM LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

WAYLAND, Feb. 11, 1868.

Dear Sir,—I know not how I can ever sufficiently thank you for your beautiful chromos. How it delights my eyes to look on those bright flowers, with sunshine glowing through all their colors, when out of doors the hills are brown, the trees leafless, and the earth so coldly white! And as for the darling little chickens, they are just as amusing as if they were alive. The more I look at the illuminated "Beatitudes," the more I am struck with them as perfect specimens of mediæval art. Even the artistic convent of San Marco, I apprehend, sent forth few pages so tastefully conceived and so nicely executed. And how long it took those patient old monks to produce one copy; while you, when your very ingenious and elaborate process is once completed, can produce countless impressions to gladden the eyes of thousands. I think it is precisely this fact that excites prejudice against chromos in some minds. The ancient philosophers kept all the most important truths they knew looked up from the multitude, and revealed them only to a select few, in what they called their "esoteric teaching." Monks and bishops did the same with

the Christian religion; and it is no wonder they cried out with one accord against the invention of printing, which struck a fatal blow to the spiritual monopoly that set them externally above their fellow-men. I once had a wealthy acquaintance who prided himself on the cultivation of rare flowers. He showed them with great exultation; but he was always very reluctant to give away seeds or slips, and, when he found that other gardeners produced the same plants in equal perfection, they at once lost all value in his eyes. It was not the beauty of the flowers that he prized: it was simply a gratification to his pride to possess something that others could not obtain. A great deal of this feeling exists with regard to works of art. They are often purchased and valued, not for their intrinsic beauty, but because they cost so much that very few can possess them. The perfection of chromos interferes with this aristocratic feeling, and therefore I am greatly interested in their success; for the strongest feeling I have is a desire to see every thing beautiful and elevating placed within easy reach of all the people. I feel grateful to you as a public benefactor, even more than I do personally for the pleasures you have added to my life by these multiplied forms of beauty. I rejoice to hear that your laudable efforts are appreciated, and rewarded with extensive sales. May your sunshine never be less! I thank you for the paper called "The Chromo." If you continue to publish it, I should like to subscribe.

Yours, very respectfully and gratefully,

L. MARIA CHILD.

FROM EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

BOSTON, Dec. 29, 1866.

Gentlemen,—I am greatly indebted to you for the beautiful Christmas presents which accompany your note. I have, for some years, watched with interest, and I had almost said with pride, the steady improvement of the publications of your house. I was not prepared, however, for the success which you attained in your reproduction of Bricher's Landscapes, which I saw for the first time a few weeks ago. I immediately bought some of these, glad of the opportunity to send abroad to a friend an illustration so gratifying of advance in education in art.

You now surprise and gratify me at once by these very choice pictures which you send to me. I look forward with great confidence to the benefit which the whole community will receive by the general introduction into all homes of a class of pictures so pleasing.

Believe me, with great respect, your obedient servant,

EDWARD E. HALE.

FROM T. W. HIGGINSON.

NEWPORT, R.I., Jan. 16, 1867.

Dear Sirs,—I thank you most cordially for the specimens of your beautiful work in chromo-lithography. Your most popular works—as "The Chickens"—are becoming very familiar everywhere.

But I am much more struck with the beauty of those taken from Miss Robbins's drawings of our wild vines and mosses. Being very familiar with these objects in nature, I feel competent to judge of them in art; and I am surprised at the perfection with which, not merely the forms, but in some cases the delicate gradations of color, are reproduced in your work. It is greatly to be desired that you should continue these American subjects; for they educate the public taste far more than imported studies of foreign objects, whose correctness the popular eye cannot test.

Very respectfully yours,

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

FROM J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

WEST CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Jan. 31, 1866.

Messrs. L. Prang & Co.,—I am surprised and charmed by the rare excellence of the chromo-lithographic specimens you have been so kind as to send me. I certainly thought, on opening the package, that you had made a mistake, and enclosed the original of Tait's beautiful "Chickens," or at least an artist's copy.

The "Bird's Nest" and "Ferns" are truly beautiful, both in original design, and in the mechanical art which has reproduced those exquisite forms and tints.

The "landscapes" are very fine.

I heartily congratulate you on your very great success in this department, which seems to me destined to create a new era in the development of our national taste.

I shall take an early opportunity to call on you, and examine myself your specimens, and the process by which you have been able to secure such astonishing results.

Truly yours,

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

FROM GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

STATEN ISLAND, Dec. 17, 1866.

... I came home last evening, and found the lovely gifts from Mr. Prang. ... I shall certainly say a good word for them. They deserve it; for they are very handsome, and all the "artists of the beautiful" in this world and in this land are missionaries to the heathen. ...

Jan. 3, 1867.

... The work that you are doing is both charming and very useful; and I sincerely hope that you have practically proved the use of beauty, in generous return from the public. I shall be very glad, if any words of mine, which I shall write about your designs, — and print, — shall help realize my hope.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

FROM E. STUART PHELPS.

ANDOVER, MASS., Dec. 29, 1866.

Gentlemen, — I really am very much obliged to you for the exquisite chromos which you sent me yesterday. They will turn winter into summer, and only May Day itself can rival them.

I am especially interested in them, perhaps, — partly, because, having touched the brush a little myself, all improvements in art are of interest to me; partly, because I believe thoroughly in color. It seems to me that we do not gain, but lose, by glooming nature down into black and white. What was pronounced by its Creator "good," we certainly may find it difficult to improve upon. Perhaps, after all those old Greeks who had the "poor taste" to paint their statues might have been nearer the true art than we have been accustomed to suppose.

I wish you all success in your enterprise, and shall be glad to say so to my friends, and by the press, and am, —

Yours very truly, E. STUART PHELPS.

FROM LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

BOSTON, Nov. 6, 1867.

Mr. Prang, — Allow me to thank you for the chromo of Correggio's "Magdalena," which I received through Mr. R. —. It is truly beautiful; and various artistic friends, to whom I have shown it, award it high praise.

It seems to me that you are doing what we especially need in America, — cultivating a love of art by placing copies of good and great pictures within the reach of all.

The very fact that some persons are found who object to such works as the "Magdalena" proves that a wider knowledge of the masters, and a purer taste, should be introduced by just such fine copies.

Heartily wishing you all success, I am,

Respectfully yours,

L. M. ALCOTT.

FROM LUCY LARCOM.

BEVERLY, Feb. 25, 1868.

Dear Sir, — Accept my thanks for your chromo, "The Cherries," which is just received. It is very beautiful. The fruit is so deliciously real, it brings back the sunshine and breezes of early June; and one almost looks to see a robin's head bobbing suddenly in at the corner of the picture to peck at the "black-hearts." The success achieved in your art, as shown by this specimen of it, seems to me truly wonderful. I have not seen very many of your pictures; but I have especially admired the fruit and flower pieces and the illuminations, particularly the "Beatitudes." It is but reasonable to expect that excellence in copying landscape and the human figure will be won by gradual progress, with so much already accomplished. I can scarcely imagine a limit to the possibilities of this charming art.

I am, very truly yours,

LUCY LARCOM.

FROM HARRIET E. SPOFFORD.

NEWBURYPORT, Jan. 21, 1867.

My Dear Sir, — Allow me to thank you most warmly both for the gift and the compliment, and to wish that I were a better judge of that specialty, in order that my admiration of your productions might be of more value; for I feel extremely pleased with them, and wonder at their having been carried to so much perfection under so many disadvantages as the present condition of things among us must afford. I cannot see how the chromos of Miss Robbins's water-colors, for instance, could possibly be improved.

Allow me, also, to express my sympathy with you in your generous wish to raise the standard and tone of art in this country, and to hope that your undertaking may meet with all the success it so deserves.

Remaining, most cordially and gratefully,

HARRIET E. SPOFFORD.

FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

PHILADELPHIA, March 12, 1868.

Dear Sir, — I have pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of your beautiful chromo, after Miss Granbery's painting of "Cherries." It seems to me a wonderful reproduction, — a "counterpart presentment" of the original. I rejoice in the fact that the choicest paintings can be rendered and multiplied so exquisitely and inexpensively. Chromo-lithography is the democracy of art. In this particular chromo, however, beautiful and perfect as it is, I have one objection, — it is a fruit-piece; and I don't like them. By fruit, the first woman fell. It was the fruity flavor about original sin that made it so overpoweringly tempting. "Take any form but that." I remember telling Lance that he was the cruellest, most repulsive of painters, in so frequently repeating the primal temptation. Now these cherries, so glowing, so golden, painted with a sort of dainty diablerie of realism, — tangible, yet unattainable as the apples of the Hesperides, — are delicious aggravations, luscious delusions. They suggest the torture of Tantalus, but paradoxically; for they certainly put water enough in one's mouth. The better these things are done, the more exasperating they are, of course; and you, sir, have much to answer for. Now your "Chickens" and "Ducklings," in their first little downy under-shirts, are scarcely so tempting and toothsome. To return to the "Cherries:" I had a poor young friend in the army during the war, who, after rations of hard tack and salt pork, or after no rations at all, used to mournfully regale himself by reading sumptuous bills of fare out of Soyer's "Cook-book." These "Cherries" would have furnished an admirable dessert for one of those airy repasts. No more royal clusters than these hung on the old ancestral trees of the race in Cerasus, by the Euxine, or were brought thence by the Romans, as among the best fruits of the conquest of Pontus.

Yours very respectfully,

GRACE GREENWOOD.

FROM ALICE CARY.

NEW YORK, March 18, 1868.

Dear Sir, — Your new chromo, "Cherries and Basket," shines down upon me, from above my desk, as I write. The fruit is fresh and beautiful, as if just from the tree; and if our ancient mother was tempted, as I am by this delicious cluster, I, for one, do not in the least blame her that she did pluck and eat.

Accept my thanks, and believe me, gratefully,

ALICE CARY.

FROM "BERWICK."

MALDEN, Nov. 10, 1867.

Dear Sir, — I have to thank you for the charming little pictures after Niles, and the matchless "Magdalena" after Correggio, which you have done me the kindness to send me.

Mr. Ruskin is an author entitled to our respect, and worthy (in the main) of our grateful admiration; but two things he has urged on his disciples, against which I shall certainly rebel, — to burn every copy (in colors) of a "Correggio," and to applaud Gov. Eyre of Jamaica! I should as soon do the one as the other; and I shall be in no hurry to do either, I assure you.

I have watched for a dozen years, with interest and attention, the various attempts that have been made to disseminate copies of works of art among the American people; or, as I would rather call it, the efforts of Democracy to capture art from the exclusive possession of the aristocracies. Common photography has done much to educate the eye of the million to correctness and beauty of form. Every family album that has a card picture of a classical statue or a classical painting has taught the household to reject the unskillful and false compositions which once commanded a ready sale. Lithography has done more; but both have ceased to satisfy. It was the body without the soul, — correct but cold, graceful but lifeless. Chromo-lithography, I think, has solved the problem — so long believed to be beyond the power of social reformers — of placing art, in its glorious robe of colors, within the reach of the common people. As we cannot support galleries, it was necessary that other agencies should be found. You have shown, that, for a trifling sum, every mechanic may possess a charming work of art, which, only a few years ago, was within the means of the wealthier classes only.

I have examined large numbers of the finest European chromos; but I have seen no one so perfect and beautiful, in every respect, as your reproduction of "The Reading Magdalena," and am glad to learn that this wonderful triumph has led you to determine to attempt larger and even more difficult tasks.

Since I wrote for "The Boston Daily Advertiser" a description of your process, I have seen, more than ever before, cause to reiterate the sentiments with which I closed it, and with which I shall end this note: —

"What the discovery of the art of printing did for the mental growth of the people, the art of chromo-lithography seems destined to accomplish for their aesthetic culture. Before types were first made, scholars and the wealthier classes had ample opportunities for study; for even when Bibles were chained in churches, and copies of the Scriptures (then aptly so styled) were worth a herd of cattle, there were large libraries accessible to the aristocracy of rank and mind. But they were guarded against the masses by the double doors of privilege and ignorance. A book possessed no attractions for the man who could not read the alphabet; and, because they were rare and hard to get at, he had no incitement to master their mysteries. Made cheap and common, the meanest peasant, in the course of a few generations, found solace for his griefs in the pages of the greatest authors of his times and of all time. Mental culture became possible for whole nations; and democracy, with its illimitable blessings, gradually grew up under the little shadow of the first 'printer's proof.'"

"Until within a quite recent period, art has been feudal in its associations. Galleries of priceless paintings, indeed, there have always been in certain favored cities and countries; but to the people, as a whole, they have been equally inaccessible and unappreciated; because no previous training had taught the community how to prize them. It was like Harvard College without the District School, — a planet without satellites, and too far removed from the world of the people for its light to shine in the cottage and in the homes of the masses.

"Now chromo-lithography, although still in its infancy, promises to diffuse, not a love of art merely among the people at large, but to disseminate the choicest masterpieces of art itself. It is art republicanized and naturalized in America. Its attempts hitherto have been comparatively unambitious, but it was not Homer and Plato that were first honored by the printing-press. It was dreary catechisms of dreary creeds. So will it be with this new art. As the popular taste improves, the subjects will be worthier of an art which seeks to give back to mankind what has hitherto been confined to the few."

BERWICK.

FROM W. D. HOWELLS.

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 1, 1867.

Gentlemen, — I am greatly obliged to you for the chromo-lithographs you have sent me, and have to congratulate you upon the success achieved in so pleasing an art as that which you are seeking to popularize here.

It seems to me that you have reason to be gratified with the perfection of execution attained; for the works are certainly very complete as copies, and no less admirable in themselves as the result of an intricate and difficult process.

With the purposes expressed in your letter, I am sure every one capable of being pleased in art must sympathize, and I have no doubt your efforts will meet with a general appreciation and generous response. ...

Very respectfully yours,

W. D. HOWELLS.

FROM T. B. ALDRICH.

BOSTON, Jan. 13, 1867.

Gentlemen, — Please accept my hearty thanks for the elegant specimens of color printing which you were so good as to send me last week. Your chromo-lithographs of Mr. Tait's pictures have all the delicacy of color, texture, and effect of the original canvas. I hope that such artistic reproductions as these will wholly displace the poor engravings which greet us on every hand. The perfection to which you have brought the art of chromo-lithography deserves to be generally recognized. ... With thanks,

I am, very respectfully yours,

T. B. ALDRICH.

FROM CHARLES DAWSON SHANLEY.

NEW-YORK, Jan. 12, 1867.

Gentlemen, — Pray accept my thanks for the admirable specimens of chromo-lithography which I received from you a few days ago.

For several years past, I have watched with interest the progress of the branch of art in which you are working with so much success, and it is gratifying to see that such a decided advance has been made by it in America.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLEY.

BOSTON ART NOTES.

MR. PRANG is rapidly increasing his business, and improving his beautiful art. He has begun his contemplated "Gallery of American Painters," in which he proposes to produce at least one characteristic picture by each of our eminent artists. He has already published several landscapes by Bricher; several groups of chickens and the like, by Tait; several fruit-pieces by Lily M. Spencer and Miss V. Granberry of New York; a couple of *genre* pictures by Niles, of Boston; a series of Ruggles's "gems" in oil colors; besides a great variety of illuminated texts and cards by Miss Jennie Lee of Jersey; and cartoons and lithographs by Mr. Homer and others.

He has now in active preparation "A New-England Winter Landscape," by the late Mr. Morveller of Malden; a figure-piece, "The Barefooted Boy," by Eastman Johnson; "Easter Morning," by Mrs. Theresa Hart, wife of James Hart the landscape painter; two brilliant pictures of children in the woods, "The May Queen" and "The Little Rogue," by Mrs. S. G. Brown; "The Shipwreck of Steerforth," by Moran; "The Friends," by Giraud; "The White Mountains in October," by Mr. George L. Brown; "The Bay of New York," by the same artist; "The Falls of the Yo Semite," by Bierstadt; two fruit-pieces by S. W. Fuller; "Cherries and Basket," by Miss Granberry; and, besides these, he has a number of other compositions on the easels of distinguished New-York painters. Tait is hard at work on his favorite subjects. We are not at liberty to name the paintings by foreign artists that are to be chromoed as rapidly as possible; because, in the absence of an international copyright law, fine-art publishers are liable to the same annoyances which are now experienced by the publishers of foreign books.

"The Winter Landscape," by Morveller, is a picture as essentially New-Englandish—if we may coin the word—as pumpkin pies or Thanksgiving. Morveller made a specialty of winter scenes, and was admitted to be the best painter of snow in America. This is one of the best of his small pieces. It represents an old farm-house by the roadside, with its inevitable L's and outhouses; grandma in the yard engaged in feeding poultry; a group of skaters on a frozen stream hard by, with spectators looking on at the sport; in the distance, the village, which is hidden by the trees on its outskirts. A grand old elm, under whose wide-spreading branches the farm-house is built, is rendered with wonderful fidelity and spirit; and the apple-tree, on the other side of the road, seems to have been photographed from every family homestead in Massachusetts away from the great iron thoroughfares. The picture is a pleasant one; for it has a warm, cheerful glow,—such as every one delights in on "fine mornings" in winter, when the snow lies deep, and the sleigh-bells are ringing merrily on every road.

The "Falls of the Yo Semite" is a characteristic bit of California scenery, in Bierstadt's well-known style. It represents a bright sunset on a lonely lake, whose solitude is disturbed only by a pair of water-fowl that hover over and rest on the rocks at the shore. Abrupt, steep, and rugged cliffs, over a part of which tumbles headlong a graceful waterfall, form the southern boundary of the lake; and a fringe of gigantic branchless fir-trees skirt the northern shore. It is a careful study after nature, and every touch is *Bierstadtish*.

"The Barefooted Boy" is a true artist's rendering of Whittier's familiar lines:—

"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan;
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lin. redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace.
From my heart I give thee joy:
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art; the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollar rife!
Barefoot, trucking at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye.—
Outward sunshine, inward joy,—
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!"

It represents a comely rustic lad, clad in coarse homespun dress, with his trousers turned up, his hands in his pockets, and the brightest of "knowing" yet innocent smiles on his face and in his eyes. His face is half-shaded by his broad-brimmed hat; his feet are firmly planted on a gray rock; he looks so hopeful, so self-reliant, so entirely at ease, that he seems the perfect incarnation of Young America. The accessories of this picture are a distant landscape, with a tree in the middle and foreground. They are well handled; but they serve only to support the figure, which is one of the best pieces that Mr. Johnson has ever produced.

"The Fringed Gentian," after Newman, is one of those fearfully and wonderfully elaborate and truthful representations of vegetable life in which the pre-Raphaelite school of artists of New York and elsewhere seem to delight. It is in water colors. It looks as if it had been drawn with the aid of a microscope,—the most Lilliputian details are so exactly reproduced. It is one of the most difficult subjects to chromo, and we shall take an interest in examining the result.

Among the fruit-pieces in press, judging from the originals, we prefer "The Cherries" and "The Strawberries" of Miss Granberry, which are certainly admirably rendered, with a luscious fidelity to nature. Mr. Fuller's pieces are highly finished, and harmonious in color; but it strikes us that the subjects are less likely to be universally popular.

"The Friends," by Giraud,—we forgot to name it in our list,—is the picture of a little girl, who is petting a Newfoundland dog. Giraud has an excellent faculty for the conception and execution of this class of subjects, and this is one of his happiest efforts. It will charm the children everywhere.

In an entirely different style, but of the same character, are the companion pictures by J. G. Brown, of New York. This young artist excels in *genre* pictures: he renders children with a rare ability, especially when there is a single figure, at rest, but in an attitude expressive of mental action. These subjects—"The May Queen" and "The Little Rogue"—are just suited to his peculiar genius. "The May Queen" is a little girl in the woods, brilliantly attired, self-adorned with wild flowers, bathed in sunlight, her eyes beaming with delight at the thought of surprising her friends by her new and gay decorations. "The Little Rogue" is the picture of a boy, four or five years old, who is trying to hide himself from somebody coming,—which somebody he is evidently intending to startle. He is stooping under a sumac bush, which he gently bends over him. This gives the artist an opportunity for a brilliant piece of coloring. It is autumn; and the declining sun shoots its rays through the misty atmosphere, brightening the gay hues of the sumac leaves and warming up the surroundings of the figure, which are rather cold and low in tone. The two pictures contrast finely,—the clear, bright, summer glow of spring in "The May Queen" being harmoniously offset against the dreamy, misty, autumnal vapors in "The Little Rogue." Mr. Brown regards these pictures as his masterpieces.

"Easter Morning," by Mrs. Hart, is a massive marble cross hung round about with fuchsias, pansies, yellow roses, and other exquisitely tinted flowers. It is a combination entirely novel, peculiar, and lovely. We have seldom seen an effect so original produced by a combination of such simple and familiar elements. There is an affluence of quiet beauty in the wreath that is essentially harmonious with Easter and its sacred memories. It is altogether charming. If there is a single flaw in it, we have failed to detect it. As far as the chromo has gone, it bids fair to rival the original; but we reserve our judgment upon it until it is completed: we know only, that, if it is at all comparable to the exquisite painting, it will soon be one of the most common ornaments of our boudoirs, vestries, Sunday schools, and libraries.

The last painting on our list was handed in as we were taking notes of the new publications. It is a small reproduction of "The Crown of New England,"—a painting which, both in England and America, has secured for Mr. George L. Brown some of the highest encomiums from artists and art critics which American productions have ever obtained. Glowing, poetically truthful, full of brilliancy and light and beauty, it represents the White Mountains when they are seen to the best advantage,—when, as the portrait painters say, they are in their "highest moments,"—transfigured under the early morning sunburst of a late October day. The original on a large scale is on exhibition at the Art Gallery of Childs & Co., where it has been visited and admired by thousands of our wealthiest and best-educated citizens. If this beautiful creation, this lyric on canvas, can be reproduced in fac-simile, it will mark an epoch in the art; for the vapors and mists that encircle the mountain sides, the subtle gradations of light and shade, and the marvellous blendings of colors and tints, render it exceedingly difficult either to imitate or duplicate.

It is gratifying to know that the popular demand for pictures is almost in the exact ratio of their artistic excellence. Every touch of nature, whether on canvas or in chromo, is instantly recognized and applauded. The best things sell best; no reputation avails against the fact as it is. Ruggles's "gems" have not paid expenses, whereas Tait's groups go off with amazing rapidity. Of Bricher's

pictures, on the other hand, "The White Mountains" and "Esopus Creek" and "Sawyer's Pond" (a little gem), and one or two others, have a steady and rapid sale; while some others do not move off at all. The people have a truer taste than they generally have been credited with in the critical Doomsday-Book. It is a faith in this instinctive taste that has borne on Mr. Prang to the rare good fortune that has rewarded his efforts.—"BERWICK," in *Boston Daily Advertiser*.

PRANG'S ILLUMINATED PUBLICATIONS.

In addition to chromos and half-chromos, we issue a series of illuminated publications,—notably: "Day-school-room Cards," "Sunday-schoolroom Cards," "The Beatitudes of our Lord," "Rewards of Merit," "Marriage Certificates," "Illuminated Crosses," "Illuminated Bible and Prayer-Book Marks," "Illustrated Scripture Texts," and "Illuminated Picture-Cards." A complete list of these publications will be found in the first number of this journal.

The "Illuminated Sunday-schoolroom Cards" are particularly designed to ornament the walls in Sunday-school rooms. They consist of Scripture mottoes illuminated in the most gorgeous and elegant style, equal to the best that are painted by hand, which are sold for \$10.00 each and upwards. They are printed on heavy plate-paper, and are mostly in type large enough to be read across the largest schoolroom. They cost from \$0.65 to \$1.25 each. Of these cards, "The Pennsylvania School Journal" says, "A single one of these cards would be greatly enjoyed in the schoolroom; and a half-dozen or dozen of them would form a collection as well worth the money as any thing published. Neatly framed, they will last for many years, always beautiful, always suggestive of good thoughts; while, at the same time, they give a quiet air of refinement to the schoolroom, felt alike by pupil and teacher. Wherever a flourishing Sunday school exists, these cards are gladly welcomed. But why the Sunday school only, when the day school may be benefited even in a more marked degree, and may obtain them with equal readiness?"

"The Beatitudes of our Lord," twelve plates, 11x14 inches each, are after original designs by Miss Jennie Lee. This series constitutes one of the richest illuminated publications ever issued in print. Every plate is equally meritorious in design and illumination. These twelve plates are put up in one elegant portfolio, and the whole forms a most select and rich subject for a holiday gift. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe says of them, that their execution filled her with patriotic pride, that there was nothing superior to them in the publications of the Arundel Society, and that "Sunday schools might be beautifully and appropriately ornamented by these 'Beatitudes' in panel frames around the room."

Rev. D. A. Whedon, in "The Northern Christian Advocate," expresses the same views. He says,—

"Why not hang them in our Sunday-school rooms? We once had only the cheap card to place on our walls, and it served in its day; but art now gives us something better. Art sanctifies itself in the production of such cards, on which the eye never tires of gazing, and which cease not to preach to us the blessed Word. I believe in making the church and Sunday-school room the most attractive places on earth, especially for children. I would almost risk the coarsest and rudest class in the presence of these works of beauty; for, prate as we will about plainness, we cannot ignore the law of human nature, that education is given largely through the eye. Let our plain, unadorned, unattractive rooms be made spots of beauty, and the precious lessons of the gospel will be taught to larger numbers and more successfully."

The "Illustrated Scripture Texts" are Bible verses, in various styles, all elegant and artistic, printed on cards of album size, which are assorted, and sold at from fifteen cents to forty cents per set. "The Boston Transcript" says of these cards, "No child can grow up coarse and gross, if a love for the beautiful and the holy be thus early implanted in him. All who are interested in the moral and religious education of children, in Sunday schools and elsewhere, should examine these singularly beautiful and instructive texts."

Our other card publications are all attractive and popular; but our space does not permit us to describe them.

We also publish a series of illuminated books for young folks, various devices and valentines as gifts for ladies, albums, album cards, crayon pictures and portraits, monumental designs, and souvenirs of the Year for the Union. Send for catalogue, which will be forwarded on receipt of a postage stamp.

Prang's American Chromos.

LIST OF SUBJECTS.

Early Autumn on Esopus Creek, N.Y. (After A. T. BRICHER)	Size 9 by 18 inches	\$8.00
Late Autumn in the White Mountains. (After A. T. BRICHER)	" 9 by 18 "	6.00
Six American Landscapes. (After A. T. BRICHER)	" 4½ by 9 "	9.00 (Per set)
Strawberries and Baskets. (After Miss V. GRANBERY)	" 13 by 18 "	7.50
Cherries and Basket. (After Miss V. GRANBERY)	" 13 by 18 "	7.50
Flower Bouquet	" 13½ by 16½ "	6.00
Blackberries in Vase. (After LILLY M. SPENCER)	" 13½ by 16½ "	6.00
Fringed Gentian. (After H. R. NEWMAN)	" 7 by 10 7/16 "	6.00
Easter Morning. (After Mrs. JAMES M. HART)	" 14½ by 21 "	10.00
Group of Chickens. (After TAIT)	" 10½ by 12½ "	5.00
Group of Quails. (After TAIT)	" 10½ by 14 "	5.00
Group of Ducklings. (After TAIT)	" 10 by 12 "	5.00
The Poultry Yard. (After LEMMENS)	" 10½ by 14 "	5.00
Poultry Life. { A. } (After LEMMENS)	" 5½ by 8 "	4.50
" { B. } (Companions)	" 10½ by 17½ "	6.00
The Kid's Play-Ground. (After BRUITH)	" 13 by 16½ "	7.50
The Two Friends. (Child and Dog, after GERAUD)	" 12½ by 16½ "	10.00
Correggio's Magdalena	" 7 by 9 "	5.00
Under the Apple-Tree. } (After G. E. NILES)	" 18½ by 22 "	15.00 (Per pair)
Rest by the Roadside. } (Companion pictures)	" 11 by 14 "	1.00
George and Martha Washington. (After STUART)	" 11 by 14 "	1.00
Autumn Leaves — Maple	" 11 by 15 "	1.50
Autumn Leaves — Oak	" 11 by 15 "	1.50
Wood Mosses and Ferns. (After ELLEN ROBBINS)	" 8 by 10 "	3.00
Bird's Nest and Lichens. (After ELLEN ROBBINS)	" 8 by 10 "	3.00
The Bulfinch. (After WM. CRUICKSHANK)	" 7 by 9½ "	3.00
The Linnet. (After WM. CRUICKSHANK)	" 7 by 9½ "	3.00
The Baby; or, Going to the Bath. (After BOUGUEREAU)	" 9 by 11 "	3.00
The Sisters. (Companion to the Baby)	" 13 by 17 "	6.00
Dead Game. (After G. BOSSETT)	" 9½ by 13 "	5.00
A Friend in Need. (After F. SCHLESINGER)	" 16½ by 24½ "	12.00
The Barefooted Boy. (After EASTMAN JOHNSON)		
Sunlight in Winter. (After J. MORVILLER)		

Prang's Half Chromos.

The Winter Wren.	Each 6½ by 8½ inches	\$1.00
The Ruby-Crowned Wren		
The Savannah Sparrow		
The Black-Throated Blue Warbler		
Piper and Nut-Crackers. (After LANDSEER)	Size 10 by 12½ "	2.00
Piper and Nut-Crackers. (After LANDSEER)	" 6½ by 7½ "	1.00
May-Flowers	" 8 by 10 "	1.00
Apple-Blossoms	" 8 by 10 "	1.00
Mother's Care	" 8½ by 12 "	1.25
Victory; or, The Remedy Worse than the Disease	" 10 by 12½ "	2.00
Victory. (The same subject reduced)	" 6½ by 9 "	1.00
Awakening. (A Litter of Puppies)	" 8½ by 11½ "	2.00
The Twins. No. 1. (Lambs and Sheep)	Each 10 by 11½ "	2.00
The Twins. No. 2. (A companion picture)	Size 8½ by 10½ "	2.00
Scotch Terrier and Puppies	" 9½ by 12½ "	2.00
Lobster Sauce. (Cat caught by a Lobster)	" 8 by 12 "	2.00
Not Caught Yet. (After E. LANDSEER)	" 8 by 12½ "	2.00
Just Caught. (After HERRING)	" 10 by 11½ "	2.00
The Frightened Ducklings	" 10½ by 15 "	1.00
Old Dock-Square Warehouse	" 8½ by 11½ "	2.00
Cocker and Woodcock. (After ANSDALL)	" 13½ by 16½ "	4.00
Have Patience. (Girl and Dog)	" 14½ by 17½ "	6.00
Rabbits and Kittens	" 12 by 17½ "	5.00
Morning. (After ROSA BONHEUR)	" 12 by 17½ "	5.00
Evening. (After ROSA BONHEUR)		
*Twelve Views on the Hudson		1.50 (Per set)
*Twelve Views of American Coast Scenes		1.50

Brief descriptions of these Chromos and Half Chromos will be found in Prang's Journal No. 1, and in the Boston Art Notes, page 7, of the present number.

* These two series of miniature pictures are put up in sets of twelve assorted copies, and mounted on white board. Size, 2½ by 4½.